A Show Stopping tambourine malfunction.

Never trust a librarian, the old librarians, they value paper over blood (your blood) and flesh (your flesh)

But questions must be asked (*traumdeutung*) and they live in those places of knowledge

The stone halls, vaulted rooms, stacked with their books over flesh (your flesh) and blood (your blood)

There he sits beneath a window, his eyes capture moonlight as they play over printed words of gone times

Broken glass and you're in, the old man scrambling for a pistol as you charge. He shoots! You laugh

Bibliotekar! You should know better. Even were I a mortal man, that weapon, like you, is antique. Useless.

Your ignorance

Your ignorance makes me

Your ignorance makes me ill and angry

You understand each other now. He's seen the mark of Ori on your hand (*Alpha Orionis*)

He knows how you kill (*gnadenlos*) and how you cannot be killed, not by sons of Solaris

And you know he hates you and fears you but must help you for these visions that exhaust you are more than nightmares of an Alfher's mind

They foretell the end of all things.

The Librarian listens to your description of the dream then leads you through a stone carved archway

into a room of starlight where there is but one book discarded on the floor.

Dust billows as you lift it and it is heavier than is should be. Open it and the words and pictures make your eyes water, your head split.

Throw the book away, away to save your life and now it is the librarian's turn to laugh and say

Your ignorance

Your ignorance makes me

Your ignorance makes me ill and angry

He’s not laughing anymore, his head pinched between your fists, holding his face to the book, making him read

Words that enter your ears as smoke then burst into flames behind your eyes.

The librarian’s tongue turns black, dissolves in his mouth, but you don’t relent.

Hold tight and squeeze, feel his skull crack and push his face into the page.

There is no sound though his lips still move. He can’t stop now and neither can you.

He turns the page with a trembling hand and it is the end, a blank sheet

A pulse down your arms and the page is writ with blood (his blood) and flesh (his flesh)

The starlit room turns red and the moon above becomes an eye. Dark spaces between the galaxies turn to tentacles that whip around the sky,

extinguishing millions of suns as if schools of fish being harvested in the ocean.

The eye turns towards you and a terrible voice fills the air

Your ignorance

Your ignorance makes me

Your ignorance makes me ill and angry

Back in the '80s, Z rock - Zombie Rock - was an AM radio station specializing in heavy metal music (from hair metal to Metallica) with a feeble signal, pathetic reception, programming that was childish and DJ's that were obviously stoned while on air.

And a fiercely loyal listening audience of which I proudly counted myself one.

But, since the signal was so weak, we had to drive way out in the country just to hear anything, and even then, it was more static than music.

Didn't matter. We had nothing better to do then drive north of Highway 7 on a Saturday night until houses gave way to fields and streetlights surrendered to stars and listen to Ratt go 'Round and 'Round loud enough to wake the cows.

"If you're not crankin' it, you must be yankin' it!"